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THE LITTLE GATE.

When baby goes out with his nurse to play,
Sometimes he tries slyly to steal away;
Then off he runs with his roguish laugh
To the little gate at the end of the path.
For the world is wide, and the world is sweet,
Outside the gate is the busy street.

But fast as he runs he is just too late,
And he never escapes through the little gate,
For we pick him up and we carry him back,
Away from the horses, the trolley-car track,
And all the dangers he'd surely meet
Outside the gate in the busy street.

I wonder how soon will come the day
When my care and watching will end for aye—
When my baby will open the gate and go
Into the world he longs for so!
And I think sometimes, with heart of pain,
Of the day when he may not come again
From the world beyond that he thinks so sweet,
Outside the gate in the busy street.
—Blanche Davis, in N. Y. Examiner.

Whalen's Sheep Ranch.

BY G. B. DUNHAM.

WHALEN'S luck was copious, and it became proverbial; the facts here recorded are but specimen pages from the book of his experience.

When the Consolidated Canal company went into insolvency its assets consisted of a mortgaged right of way through the sagebrush and several completed but detached sections of a big ditch.

Mr. Brick Whalen, the contractor on section three, had finished the heavy work there and was preparing to move camp to section six when the company went broke. It was, in fact, upon the very day the suspension was posted that Whalen, having had his contract work inspected, took the engineer's certificate up to headquarters to get his check. He received instead a statement that the company was in temporary difficulties and an assurance that it would soon resume.

Whalen had before this worked for shaky corporations; he knew better, and lost no time in acting on his knowledge.

"No good howlin' over a broken pipe or tryin' to save the pieces," he told himself. To his gang of 20 men he said: "B'ys, the company's broke and so am I. I can't pay ye and I can't feed ye. You got to rustle."

"What's the matter with us taking the mules?" said one.

"Them mules and scrapers don't belong to me, as I've often told ye," said Whalen, whose custom it was to refer to a legendary backer. "This ditching outfit is the property of Martin, of San Francisco, and any man that meddles with it will get the sheriff after him."

"I'll take one, just the same," said Shorty, "and tell Martin he can have him again when my wages is paid. That's about fair."

A few others took the same view of the equities involved, and took mules, to which Whalen made only a wordy resistance. Most of the men were induced to accept orders on the defunct company for the amount due them, payable with large interest. "And if you don't get it very soon the interest will double your money," said Whalen.

When the last man had gone Whalen went out to the corral and counted the mules. "Forty-one head; that was a pretty close call." said he.

It was late in the season to find another job of scraping, but the mules could not live on sagebrush and were at once started for the railroad. On a small stream where camp was made one night a band of trail sheep was also camped. Whalen eyed them disdainfully.

"I see the beggars eat sage," said he.

"Why, certainly," replied the sheepman; "that's the finest kind of feed for sheep."

"I wish work mules would do that," said Brick. "I never was so near a sheep in my life," he continued; "the smell of 'em a mile away is enough for me. Funny little fellows, and they look some like mules, with ears and tails cut off. What do you do with them?"

"Double our money on them every twelve months," was the reply.

No extended description of sheep-farming would have impressed the fancy of the veteran mule-skinner, but "double your money" was his own familiar phrase for describing any hopeful venture, and on that evening he smoked many pipes of black plug over it. A brute that can thrive on a brush diet and double your money every year is an interesting creature.

At daybreak Whalen was in the sheep camp negotiating a trade of sheep for mules on a basis of fifty to one, and prepared to accept much less. Three days later, he sat in the door of the shack which had long done duty as messhouse on section three of the canal, as many an evening before he had sat watching the mules come in from water. To-night there was never a mule in sight. Down the breeze came a pungent odor and a tinkling of little bells. Over the crest of an adjacent hill appeared the flock browsing on the rank sage.

"They do look some like mules," he soliloquized, "and I'll bet I'm the only Irishman in America ever owned a herd of sheep."

Winter came and passed, and the only Irishman prospered. By roofing in a cut with brush he had commodious sheds, and cross sections of poles divided the broad ditch into as many corrals as he chose. The sheep were fat and carried heavy fleeces.

Whalen had for help two boys who had wandered there and asked for work. He had proposed to hire one of them, but the boys protested that they had never been separated, and that if they got jobs at different ranches "the other one wouldn't know where the other one was," a contingency which they could not abide. So Whalen offered to take the two at the price of one, and on that basis they shared with him the shack, herded the flock, and cooked the grub. They soon knew as much, or as little, about sheep as Brick himself; and the proprietor found opportunity to break the monotony of camp life by occasional trips to the railroad and once to San Francisco.

"I'm going to see my friend Martin," he told the boys. "Now tend to business and don't let any get away." And the boys gave their word that not one should escape.

During Whalen's absence in the city he went out of the sheep business even more abruptly than he went into it the previous autumn. The instruction to the boys was fulfilled to the letter—not any got away.

It happened on a hot day in June when, contrary to usual custom, the boys brought the flock to camp and the shade of sheds at noontime. It never rains in that arid region, but sometimes pours. This was one of those times. Charged with ice and water a great black cloud came drifting down the wind, and emptied out its load upon the camp and the hillside above it. The canal, curving around its base, formed an eave trough for the whole mountain and poured several thousand inches of water into Whalen's improvised sheep sheds. The flood very soon subsided, but when the cloud had passed and the sun again shone forth, there were no living sheep. Not many minutes are required to drown a rat in a hole.

Meanwhile the boys, greatly frightened by the sudden storm, and with no thought for the safety of the flock, were in the shack. The hail pounded and the wind shook it. Water covered the floor.

"Pray, Billy," said the one on the barrel.

"No, you do it," he answered from the table top.

The shack had no window, and, with the door closed, it was pretty dark in there. When Whalen reached home two hours later, the floor was still wet and the boys were yet roosting on table and barrel, but outside, in the bright sunlight, the ground appeared already almost dry. A solitary goat stood upon the shed roof; he had been among the sheep in the pen.

"You can't keep a good man down any more than you can a goat," was Brick's comment on the catastrophe.

While Whalen was working the boys double time at pulling the wool from

"I SEE THE BEGGARS EAT SAGE."

the dead sheep, he had the happy thought of stocking his ranch with bees. Having money enough from the proceeds of his wool sale to buy 100 stands, he promptly carried the thought into effect.

Again he sat down in the door of his shack to "double his money."

"This is better than sheep," said he; "for they herds themselves. And they are like mules in one thing—you are liable to get hurt if you fool with 'em."

This wave of prosperity broke up as soon as former ones had done, for he had imported a bad case of foul brood, and within a year the hundred swarms had petered out. When we went down there last summer in the interest of a new company which has taken up the work of completing the canal, Whalen gathered the bones out of the old shed in the cut and hauled them to the railroad, where he sold them for fertilizer, realizing enough to buy two more mules. With his four-mule team he is at work in the ditch for day's wages. Somewhat grizzled now, and not so brick-red of hair and whiskers as formerly, he is happy as ever, and sanguine that he will double his money.

"Here's hoping" that he may.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Novel Throne Room.

The famous German traveler, Otto Ehlers, tells about a singular Chinese potentate whom he visited in Laos States, while on his way from Siam to Tonquin. The prince leaves the cares of affairs chiefly to his wife. He has had his throne placed in the palace kitchen so that he can receive visitors and watch the preparation of his meals at the same time. The subjects seem to be content with his manner of administration, and admire the democratic spirit manifested in his choice of a throne room.—Ohio State Journal.

To Smooth Handkerchiefs.

Nice handkerchiefs should not be ironed. When rinsed pass them through a wringer after they have been folded in a fine towel. Spread on a sheet of glass (a clear marble-topped table answers) and smooth till every wrinkle is out. The linen or muslin will cling to the marble or glass, and dry with that finish that is on the fine unstarched handkerchiefs just from the shops.—Chicago Tribune.

MISSPENT LABOR.

Overdoing It in Ornamenting Undergarments.

There are few things more deplorable than the amount of money and time wasted in the effort to over-ornament gowns, undergarments and clothing of whatever kind or for whatever purpose. If this folly were committed by women of wealth we might have the consolation of remembering that it furnished many needy persons with work, and while we might deprecate the taste we could approve the result. However, this is not the case, as a most casual examination of the ready-made goods of the shops will convince the most skeptical. For, as a rule, the more costly the goods the simpler and plainer the cut, and the less elaborate the ornament. Women of wealth and refinement have long ago discarded elaborate underwear with elaborate street gowns. Even their evening gowns are frequently characterized by a simplicity of cut and material which would hardly satisfy a country girl, who often scorns the simplicity of the lilies, and aims to array herself in purple and fine linen on the most paltry occasions. Too frequently she takes as the models of fashion and elegance the showily dressed "maids in waiting" behind the counters of fashionable city stores. She would scorn if she is a good sensible girl, as she usually is in other matters, to copy her dress from the female members of a theatrical troupe. She would recognize there what she failed to recognize in the dress of the shop girl—the incongruity between her own domestic life and the costumes intended to attract the plaudits of the crowd.

The refined women of elegant tastes are not much in evidence in the city streets and elsewhere whence the country visitor is likely to copy the styles which shall be the envy of the remote hamlet in which she lives. She is young and fair, and it is natural she should desire to be daintily clothed and should love picturesque effects. She should remember, however, that the striking styles of dress she sees on the city streets and in the stores as a rule are hardly less theatrical than those she sees on the stage itself. It has become a part of the business of the American tradesman to surround his store with a theatrical glamour of lofty frescoed ceilings, hardwood carving, rich carpets and hanging. The shop-girl is compelled by her business to array herself, however simple her tastes may be, in showy manner to suit the ensemble of the shop. There are many refined women in the showy crowds of the city streets, but they are so simply dressed in these public places that they pass without notice from the lookeron.

The trend of fashion is steadily toward simplicity in dress. Elegance in dress depends more upon the artistic tasteful grouping of harmonious colors, the perfect fit and the fine material than upon the elaborate make. Nothing is more deplorable than the hours spent, often long after midnight, by wearied mothers stitching elaborate tucks and puffs in baby garments which should be made as plain as a simple kerchief. All children's slips and infants' gowns are made as simple as possible, so they can be made in abundance and be frequently changed. All under-garments are cut in the simplest sacque and slip shapes. A mere edge of narrow lace is considered sufficient trimming for nightgowns, corset-covers and chemises. Dresses remain severely plain. The entire effort of fashion now seems to trend toward an elegant simplicity. A few elaborate dresses are shown in fashion plates in magazines and papers, but these are usually published merely to meet a demand for such styles and not because they represent the most popular refined fashions. There never was a greater mistake than to imagine that lack of taste in color or cut could be covered by elaboration of ornament, yet it is a mistake often made.—N. Y. Tribune.

Use of Perfumes.

Anything that will destroy the all-powerful and ubiquitous microbe should be gladly welcomed, and when the agent comes in the pleasant form of perfume it is certainly the more acceptable. We now find from experiments that are said to have been made with the perfumes of flowers that by means of them many species of microbes are easily destroyed. The odor of cloves has been known to destroy these minute creatures in 35 minutes, cinnamon will kill some species in 12 minutes, thyme in 35. In 45 minutes common wild verbena is found effective, while the odor of some geranium flowers has destroyed various forms of microbes in 50 minutes. The essence of cinnamon is said to destroy the typhoid fever microbe in 12 minutes, and is recorded as the most effective of all odors as an antiseptic. It is now believed that flowers which are found in Egyptian mummies were placed there more for their antiseptic properties than as mere ornaments or elements in sentimental work. If perfumes are so singularly efficacious as this, then the flower farmer must be a fortunate person and his life a healthy one.—N. Y. Ledger.

Sacking Combined with Crepe.

One of the latest and most incongruous, but effective combinations of material and contrasts in texture is the use of crash, or a sort of coarse sacking, in the dull ecru color, with dainty crape de chine and silk gowns. It is embellished with applique figures of heavy lace or embroidery, which serves as an apology for its use as a dress trimming. One pretty flowered silk in dull browns, greens and reds, has a wide rever collar of this over another of plain green silk. The skirt is draped up on one side to show a band of sacking with green silk underneath. No one but a French woman would ever think of using this coarse fabric with a delicate material like crepe de chine, but here it is in a dull green gown, in the form of a deep collar falling in a point three inches below the belt, and the effect is exceedingly stylish.—St. Louis Republic.

LIVE AND DIE UNKNOWN.

The Hinkleyites of Pennsylvania Are a Strange Band of People.

One of the strangest sects in the United States, whose existence was until recently practically almost unknown, are the Hinkleyites, who occupy a small settlement among Pennsylvania's hills a few miles from the New York state line, not far from the city of Binghamton. There, strange as it may seem in these hard times, money is a drug on the market, and yet the inhabitants are contented and happy. But it is doubtful, though, if all the money in the entire community were scraped together it would foot up more than ten dollars at any time.

This peculiar settlement is known as Hinkley's Corners. It consists of a half dozen houses, a like number of barns and other outbuildings and a frame structure used as a place of worship in cold weather. As long as the weather will permit the religious rites of this strange sect are held in the open air, usually in a cave near the woods

The history of this peculiar community is a strange one. About 35 years ago a man named Hinkley began preaching a crusade in the city of Pittsburgh. He claimed that Christianity, by disregarding the Mosaic laws, had violated one of the principles upon which it was founded.

Hinkley's crusade was so much of a success, many prominent persons following his standard, that the police suddenly put a stop to the sacrifices. The result of this threat was to cause Hinkley and a few followers to emigrate to the mountains, there to start the peculiar settlement that exists today. While working about the farms the men wear ragged clothes that in the summer season scarcely cover their bodies, but on Saturdays, the day set apart for public worship, they don their best apparel. The services open with an invocation, the sacrifice having been previously prepared and laid on the altar. The fire is then lighted, and if the smoke arises in a straight column both men and women burst into songs of thanksgiving, but should the smoke hang in a cloud above the altar a weird, wailing song fills the air until the priest has replenished the fire, prepared a new offering and the smoke ascends directly heavenward.

A strangely weird and solemn sight is a funeral among these strange people. The body is carried to its last resting place on a bier, the grave having previously been lined with straw, and into this the uncoffined remains are lowered. Each person in attendance then sprinkles a handful of earth on the corpse, all the while chanting the funeral hymn, and finally passing out of the graveyard, until only the sexton is left to complete the work of burying the dead.

A wedding is an unusually quiet affair. The contracting parties call upon the priest, who requires them to sign an agreement to live together as man and wife, and then performs a short ceremony, at the conclusion of which he pronounces the couple united. Then at the next funeral or on the next day of worship he announces the wedding, and the newly-married couple are accorded the rights usually bestowed upon man and wife—they are at liberty to purchase a farm, and the community will become security for the payment within five years. If at the end of that time the farm is not paid for, the priest, who is the chief executive officer of the community, forecloses the claim, and the couple are obliged to separate and seek work where they can among their fellows.—N. Y. Herald.

EDUCATED, BUT CANNOT READ.

Brooklyn Woman Who Has Learned, Listening to Others.

The wonderful development of certain faculties in the cases of persons who have lost the use of some of their natural functions, or of others whose faculties have not been fully developed, has long been a matter of remark, but it is not alone the outside observers who appreciate the provisions of nature for the benefit of the unfortunates. The sufferers themselves often appreciate this fully, and in some instances, after years, grow to depend so much upon their acquired faculties as to be afraid of a change, even if they have the chance of one.

An illustration of this is given by a woman in Brooklyn who never has learned to read or write. In no way could one discover this except by her own admission, or by putting her to a direct test, for she is one of the best educated women in the country, conversant with languages, art, literature and all the current topics of the day. She is rich, too, and could afford all the services of the best teachers if she chose to learn to read, but she refuses to do so.

When this woman was a child her parents lived far from schools, so she had no chance then to learn to read or write. As a mere child she began to earn her own living, and again the chance for schooling slipped away. Then she married, and the cares of a family took up her time. By the time the babies were off her hands her husband had grown rich, and then she began her real education, and, now, as a widow, she continues it. Her companions read to her and talk with her about all the topics which interest her. Years of such work have stored her mind with a rich treasure of knowledge, and there is not a page of a book that has been read to her that she is not familiar with; her stores of knowledge are at her instant command. Why will she not learn to read? Because, she says, she fears that this wonderful memory, which is now such a treasure house to her, might be impaired if she were to do anything to weaken the demands upon it.—N. Y. Sun.

Enough.

Ten Broke (suspiciously)—Are you one of the nouveaux riches?

Pauline (frankly)—I am.

Ten Broke—Then will you marry me!—N. Y. Journal.

CHIVALRY AND MATRIMONY.

Time-Honored Notions of Olden Days Which Fail the Test of History.

We all want to consider the days of chivalry as the golden days—never to be recalled—for womankind. This is by implication a rank injustice to our own time.

With all its fine expressions of ardent devotion to the fair sex, and the multitude of its exquisite pretensions, chivalry was the degradation of the highest and tenderest human instincts—the veritable curse of the course of true love. Such a statement presents itself to the romantic believer as a terrible counterblast, but it is true, nevertheless. The records of the treasury and the law courts of those days, in furnishing the experience of popular life deeply marked by the worst shades of modern shortcomings, provide the fullest proof.

Chivalry did not make marriages, at least in the sense of those born of love's young dream; it entirely ignored all sexual affections and sold its victims with ruthless indifference to all mutuality.

There were not two parties to its bargains; there was only one, who was always the third of the group and the one interested, not in satisfying the yearnings of the impassioned, but in a pecuniary sense of their value. He was the vendor, and might be either king or baron. But whichever he was, he was the incarnation of unscrupulous power. The matrimonial transactions of chivalry were mercenary. To them there were no "contracting parties" in the shape of whispering lovers, ardent swains and coy maidens. On the other hand, there was but sullen indifference or hating compliance. Chivalry canted about its faith in women and the purity of its own motives, because it could not sing of love—it may be said that it so canted because it knew it must cant.

It knew that its marriage had not been made in Heaven and of ethereal sentiment. They were consequently bargained for, either in the king's exchequer or in the open market place. Chivalry knew itself as a social falsity and the parent of lust. As a consequence the "lower orders" have had to give us the nomenclature of our love affairs. Chaucer, the very mirror of the era of chivalry, has typified lust with his master hand, but he has no picture of the gratified tenderness of longing youth. In his surroundings it was not suffered to exist. These surroundings had no terms to enumerate the ardent swains and coy maidens of rusticity. But if the aristocracy can produce no one instance of the coy maiden and the rustic sweetheart remains to mock the dubious fiancee, it has a wealth of the arts of diplomacy and an inexhaustible list of the terms of intrigue. Chivalry gave expression to the word maitresse, which may have, and had, the funniest of meanings.—N. Y. Herald.

WOMEN AS SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

Members of the Fair Sex All Over the World Who Teach.

According to census figures and close estimates based upon reliable information, there were in the United States in 1895 no less than 268,000 women engaged in teaching school. Twenty years ago England had 11,616 male and 14,901 female teachers. Last year there were 66,310 female and only 26,270 male teachers. The same change is to be found in other countries, particularly in those in which rudimental education is generally diffused.

In Spain, where the standard of public education is low, there are few female and many male teachers, whereas in Denmark, where for many years the standard of education has been high, the number of male teachers is low compared with the number of female teachers, the total number of both being in excess of 9,000. There are about 400,000 teachers, male and female, in the United States, 150,000 in France—70,000 male and 80,000 female—150,000 in Germany, 92,000 in England, 100,000 in Italy, 100,000 in Russia, 25,000 in the Netherlands, 40,000 in Spain, 3,500 in Greece and 22,000 in Canada. The march of education in Europe has been remarkable, for, while the population has increased only 33 per cent. since 1840, the average number of children attending school has risen 145 per cent., but this advance seems less important when compared with the gain made in the United States. In 1860 the total number of school children in the United States was 5,700,000, of which 720,000 were in New England, 1,700,000 in the Middle states, 1,000,000 in the Southern states, and 2,280,000 in the Western states and territories. At present the number of school children enrolled is in excess of 14,000,000, of whom 4,600,000 are in what was formerly the south, 2,600,000 in the Middle states, 800,000 in New England and 6,000,000 in the Western states. There has been a decisive gain everywhere in respect not only of the number of school-teachers, but of their efficiency.—Chicago Tribune.

Rival in Coal.

A possible new rival to coal is looming up in masut, a dark-brown oily liquid which is a by-product in the distillation of raw petroleum. Russia and several other countries have already experimented with masut, but the most successful test has been made by Germany. The German masut is obtained from a cheap coal of Saxony, and it is hard to understand how this new product can be cheaper (40 to 50 per cent. as claimed) than the coal itself. Not only is such a claim now made, but its heat-raising qualities are also said to exceed those of carbon. Its easy tankage, its almost utter independence of stoking, and its smokelessness will, if reports be true, recommend masut for use on war ships.—Chicago Tribune.

Suspicious at Least.

"I'm inclined to believe that alleged German count is an impostor."

"Why?"

"He's paying as he goes, and he always has a lot of ready cash at hand."—Philadelphia North American.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

President Kruger has presented a rare specimen of native gold to the Royal Geological museum at Berlin. The gift is said to be worth about £300.

Dr. C. P. Carver, of St. Augustine, Fla., is experimenting for the extraction of the sweet matter from watermelons, and it is said that he derives from the melon pulp a sirup equal to the maple tree.

It is stated that Mr. Cecil Rhodes will soon return to London, his presence being necessary in connection with the settlement of certain difficulties arising out of the titles to land in Rhodesia.

Statistics show that in Antwerp alone nearly 4,000 horses were slaughtered last year for human consumption, and the number of shops dealing exclusively in horseflesh in the Belgian ports exceeds 30.

Ex-Mayor Frank F. Olney, of Providence, R. I., president of the American Philatelic association, has a collection of stamps valued at $100,000. Mr. Olney is a woolen manufacturer, and is enthusiastic over his hobby.

The Passmore Edwards settlement, now being established in London, will be under Unitarian influences, and an attempt will probably be made in it to carry out some of the humanitarian ideas advanced by Mrs. Humphrey Ward in "Robert Elsmere."

The king of Siam is in England, and there is a discussion over his name. It is commonly supposed to be Chulalongkorn, but a member of the Athenaeum writes to the London Times to protest that this is a "mistransliteration." The real name, he says, is Kulalankaram.

A WOMAN ASTRONOMER.

The Work Done by Elizabeth Preston Davis, of Washington.

The abstruse calculations of the ephemeris of the sun for 1901, and half of the calculations for 1902, have just been completed for the Nautical Almanac by a handsome young married woman, the mother of four little daughters.

This woman is Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Davis, of Washington, D. C., who since 1888 has been engaged in astronomical work of this sort. She also computed the orbits of the new comets discovered at the Lick observatory and has calculated for the use of Prof. Simon Newcombe the perturbative functions of Mars and Jupiter and of the earth and all the planets whose orbits are inside that of Jupiter.

This remarkable fact is a reminder that several American women have attained preeminence in this science. The more notable of these are Elizabeth Preston Davis, recently a graduate student of Johns Hopkins university; Miss Charlotte Angus Scott, of Bryn Mawr, and Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin, who took the course necessary to secure the degree of Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins, making mathematics her specialty, and who would have received the degree with distinction but for the fact that she wore petticoats instead of trousers.

Miss Ladd was admitted to the university at the request of the late distinguished Dr. J. J. Sylvester, of Cambridge, England, formerly professor of mathematics in the Johns Hopkins university. He was profoundly impressed by specimens of her work, which he had seen while she was a senior at Vassar.

Miss Elizabeth Preston Brown, now Mrs. Davis, was allowed to take the same course by the courtesy of Prof. Simon Newcombe, late chief of the Nautical Almanac office, and at that time professor of astronomy at Johns Hopkins. Mrs. Davis is still a young woman, and it is not improbable that she will yet more signally distinguish herself as a mathematician.

She has already done more than any other American woman, except Prof. Maria Mitchell and Mrs. Franklin, in this field.

She was born in Front Royal, Va., March 17, 1863, the daughter of Maj. Victor M. Brown, of the late Gen. Corse's staff, of the confederate army. Her father was a lawyer before the war. After the war he was the principal of a flourishing academy at Front Royal. Her mother was a daughter of Edward Burgess Jacobs, a banker of Front Royal, and member of the Virginia legislature.

During her last year at Columbian university she took, under Prof. Winlock, a private course in the theory of orbits, and after her marriage, during her residence in California, obtained from Prof. Barnard, then of Lick observatory, the data for computing the orbits of several new comets as soon as they were discovered. These orbits she contributed from time to time to the Sidereal Messenger and the Astronomical Journal.—N. Y. World.

Beyond Him.

They tell a good story about a local firm which received a letter from a backwoodsman who wanted a small locomotive to haul logs. The letter read as follows:

"Deer Surs—I own a logging road with kars that run on wheels with gruves in them. We have mules to pull the kars, but the kritters stall when they ought to go ahead easily, so I thought an engine, with steam power attached, would do better. Please write me and give me your lowest price on an engine."

The firm happened to have an old narrow gauge locomotive and agreed to sell it for $3,000.

The backwoodsman wrote back after receiving the letter and said: "I have been in the loggin' business for five years and have cleared $250. What in the hielk wud I want an engine for if I had $3,000?"—Pittsburgh Post.

Price of Ivory.

Until a few years ago the wholesale price of ivory was three dollars a pound. In consequence of the opening up of a new district in Africa to colonization the value has fallen to two dollars. An ordinary elephant yields about 120 pounds of merchantable ivory.